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A Common Cold.

The first feeling of a Common Cold is lassitude and weakness, followed by Sneezing, Coughing and Sore Throat.

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Gordonsville Social News

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Gordonsville, Va., October 29—Miss Genevieve Smith has returned to her home at Waynesboro, after spending some days at the home of Dr. John W. Scott.

Miss Virginia Emmons, of St. Anne's Episcopal School, Charlottesville, was a visitor this week at the home of Dr. John W. Scott.

Beauford Cook, who was injured while at his work in Richmond last week, is at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Cook, and is steadily improving.

Mrs. R. L. Marshall has returned to her home in Charlottesville, after spending the past week with her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Snead, here.

Miss Anna P. Scott is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. H. B. Gwynne, in Baltimore.

Miss Mabel Jeffries, of Somerset, was the guest this week of Miss Mabel Allison.

Lewis Marshall, of Charlottesville, visited his sister, Mrs. J. L. T. Snead, here.

Fenton Jacobs, of Richmond, visited his mother, Mrs. W. F. Jacobs, here this week.

W. E. Holladay, of Barcroft, was the guest this week of his mother, Mrs. J. H. Hume.

Sam Watkins, of Covington, spent several days this week with his mother, Mrs. L. M. Watkins, in South Carolina.

George Christian, who has been working in Waynesboro for the past several months, has returned to his home here.

Lee Pannell spent several days this week with his sister, Mrs. Buckner.

John G. Woolfolk and family spent the week at the home of Mrs. Mollie Bledsoe, en route from Louisa county to their home at Udo.

V. R. Shackelford and Miss Peachy Lynne, of Orange, were Gordonsville visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Sidney Wood and Lyell and Katharine Belton have returned from a visit of several weeks to her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Rosenheim, of Bluefield, W. Va.

J. A. Mayhugh, of Baltimore, is visiting his family in town.

Dr. F. L. Banks and wife returned Wednesday from their wedding tour, and left to visit relatives at Madison.

Mrs. R. R. Powell, of Richmond, is visiting at Dr. A. C. Smith's, near town.

W. J. Preddy was in Richmond this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hogshead were

Orange visitors Tuesday.

George Leigh, of Louisa, was a Gordonsville visitor this week.

West Point Social News

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

West Point, Va., October 29—Colonel and Mrs. B. L. Farinholt entertained their friends on Monday night, the fifth anniversary of their wedding day. The house was beautifully decorated in green, white and gold. Colonel and Mrs. Farinholt received and were assisted by Dr. Malcolm Jones, Dr. May Farinholt Jones, and Mrs. George W. Richardson, and Mrs. Henry Farinholt. Mrs. Lane Cook presided at the punch-bowl. Dainty refreshments were served. The gifts were numerous and handsome.

Miss Mary Denmead delightfully entertained the "Thimble Club" Monday afternoon at her home on First Street.

Mr. Potts, of Richmond, has come to West Point for the winter.

W. C. Davis visited Dr. Fred Davis, in Gloucester, this week.

Thomas Stark, of Norfolk, visited his mother here, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Henley, of King William, have moved to West Point. Miss Gertrude Hardy, of Jeffries, visited Mrs. H. C. Carden here this week.

Mrs. Henry Farinholt, of Essex county, attended the wedding anniversary of Colonel and Mrs. B. L. Farinholt.

Miss Farish Richardson visited in West Point this week.

Mrs. Roland Allen and children, of King and Queen, visited Mr. and Mrs. McGee this week.

A. S. Talley, of Far Rockaway, N. Y., who has been visiting Mrs. Morgan Thomas, left for a visit to Crozet, this week.

Montvale Social News

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Montvale, Va., October 29—Mrs. S. H. Price is making a visit to her mother, Mrs. Davis Woods, at Glen Wilton. Miss Elizabeth Ruff, of Portlick, and Mrs. Walter Siler, of Roanoke, are the guests of Dr. Price, during Mrs. Price's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatcher have returned from their wedding trip, and are at home near Montvale.

Miss Margaret Rice, who has been visiting friends at Forest, returned Monday, accompanied by Miss Clara Sturges, of Forest.

Mrs. W. M. Everett and daughter, have returned from a visit to friends at Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker have returned from a visit to friends at Ash-ville, N. C.

Dr. Bernard Early has gone to Ash-ville, N. C.

Both Junior and Senior Literary Societies have been reorganized at the

Failure of a Common Sense Match

By ADA PATTERSON

An American bridegroom hurried home from Europe, complaining by deed, if not by word, that his common sense marriage had miserably failed. What else could he expect?

Three months before he had taken the world into his confidence about his proposed marriage. He had said that he forgave his bride many former admirers, as she would have to forgive him many admirations before the consummation of his compelling admiration for her. He had said the marriage would be based upon the firm foundation of common sense.

He returned in a bitter huff because he was jealous of a quantity he had proposed to ignore, her former admirers and because she had persuaded him to make over his fortune to her. He had himself lifted the medicine to his lips, then cried because he didn't like its taste. Men are unreasonable creatures.

The woman he proposed to marry didn't love him. She told him so. Yet he followed her heels as a hound to its owner's footsteps, and she became used to that at first unwelcome sight.

There came to her as comes to all women, a weary mood when opposition is overcome by discouragement and indifference. In such mood any woman

can be won by the sultor she is used to seeing about and who has become a habit, even though an unpleasant one. But even in this mood the woman was wary. "I will let you know later," or its equivalent was her reply to his impassioned wooing. "When?" he asked, and she named a date sixty days hence, with the commercial coolness she would show in signing a receipt.

This man had been married before, and should have known some fixed facts about women. He should have known that when a woman asks time to think about a man's proposal he may be sure it is for one of two reasons. She is fighting for time to look him up in Dun's or Bradstreet's, or she wants to find out whether some other wooer can be brought to the proposing point. Circumstances indicate that the woman was busy in both directions.

The man blindly persisted. He waited on one side of the Atlantic while the woman who had dazzled him went to the other. Women have blind faith, but men have blind egotism. He remained wrapped in the bullet proof mantle of his self-esteem and waited. Then came a cablegram in the affirma-

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High School. The debates and exercises promise to be entertaining and edifying to the friends and patrons, who are expected to be present at the monthly public meeting.

He crossed the sea to claim his too deliberate bride.

Having found out that she used the months of grace he gave her in consulting a former admirer and in plans for securing the conveyance to her of the common sense man's fortune, he comes whining back to lie on his own doorstep and howl disconsolately at the moon.

Again and again what could be expected? The woman who can be persuaded into a marriage about which she is reluctant is weak, and weak women do not make good wives. If a woman can reflect upon a marriage for sixty days or sixty months or years and decide to marry at last, she is a cold-hearted woman, and cold-hearted women do not make good wives.

The woman who plans the surrender of a man's property to her in exchange for precepts like his about common sense marriages make women calculating; calculating women do not make good wives.

The truth that every man should know instinctively, as every woman does, is that when the right man asks a girl to marry him she doesn't ask time to consider. The "Yes" tumbles off her lips.

If I were of the trousered sex and a girl asked me for sixty days or one day to consider the question whether she loved me well enough to marry me, I would bow as gracefully as the awkward situation permitted, and make way for the man whom she wouldn't want to regulate by the clock or the calendar. I would know that her faint request for time was merely putting off a day that to her seemed evil.

There isn't much common sense in any match. There are illusion, intoxication of the senses, insanity of the heart. But unreliable as are these, they are better assets in human mating than is that common sense which is but another name for cupidity and calculation.

The Memories of Count Tolstoy

Translated by Viggo Toepfer

My Brother, V. NICHOLAS

My oldest brother Nicholas was six years older than I. He was, therefore, ten or eleven years old when I was four or five, and when he offered to take me to Fanaron Mountain.

I do not know why we never thought of addressing him with "thou," but it is a fact that while we were young we always used the more respectful form of "you." He was a very remarkable boy, and grew up to be a most remarkable man.

Turgeneff once said about him, "He only lacks the necessary faults to become a great writer."

He really showed no signs of these indispensable faults. He was not ambitious, and he did not care the least what others thought of him; but he had all the virtues of a great writer—an unusually fine artistic sense, an excellent humor, unusual powers of observation, and exuberant imagination, which was quite inexhaustible, and an absolute, just and moral conception of the world.

His imagination was so fertile, that he could for hours tell ghost stories a la Radcliffe or humorous stories in a manner so convincing that you were bound to think it had all really happened to him.

When he was not telling stories or reading, and he read a great deal, he was usually drawing devils with horns and corkscrew mustaches, in all kinds of positions, and all his drawings were full of imagination and humor.

One day he said to me, who was five, to Milla who was six years old, and to Sergius, who was seven, that he knew the art of how to make everybody happy.

"Now we shall no longer have sickness or sorrow," he said, "nobody shall be angry with anybody, and all the people in the world will be brethren like the ants."

Evidently my brother had heard of the Moravian brethren, and had mixed the Russian word "morave" up with "moravel," which means ant.

I remember quite well how much this word "ant-brethren" pleased us, because it made us think of the great anthills we had seen in the woods. We even invented a game "ant-brethren."

We sat down on footstools under a roof made of old boxes and curtains and squeezed tightly together in the darkness.

The "ant-brethren" was revealed to us by my brother Nicholas for the secret of making all men happy and stopping all quarrels. I was, he said, insured upon a green stick, which was hidden near the highway, on the edge of the precipice, at a place where I want to be buried.

Besides knowing about this mysterious stick, my brother knew all about the mountain Fanaron, to which he promised to take us if we would fulfill the following conditions:

First, to sit down in a dark corner of a room and not think of polar bears. (I remember how often I sat down in a corner and tried not to think of polar bears and never succeeded.)

The second condition was to walk along a crack between two boards in the floor without losing your balance, and the third and easiest condition was to live a whole year without eating or even looking at roast meat.

Nicholas assured us that when we had fulfilled these and other more difficult conditions, which he would tell us about later, the lost wish we would make would come true.

Each one of us was to make a wish. Sergius wished to know how to model horses and chickens in wax. Milla wished to become a great painter, and I myself, could at first and no wish, but finally wished that I might become a great miniature portrait painter.

As children, usually do, we later forgot all about this, and none of us ever climbed the mountain of Fanaron. But what I shall never forget is the air of importance and mystery with which Nicholas revealed the secrets to us, and the respect which these miracles called forth in our minds.

The "ant-brethren," the mysterious green stick, destined to make all men happy, have exerted great influence upon me.

I presume that Nicholas had heard somebody speak of Freemasonry, of their desire to work for the happiness of mankind, and of their mysterious rites, when a new member was initiated. He had at the same time

heard allusions to the Moravian brethren. His vivid imagination had taken hold of those vague impressions, and had formed them into an ideal love of humanity, which inspired himself and

the beauty which he liked to hold up before our admiring eyes.

The idea of the "ant-brethren" who treated each other like brothers, not under a roof made of boxes and curtains, but living anywhere under the vast skies, has actually survived in my soul.

Just as I believed at that time in the green stick upon which is inscribed the magical word which is to destroy misery among men and give them perfect happiness, so I believe to-day in the existence of the truth which is some day to be revealed to every one, and which will give all that it promises to all men.

We already know that Turgeneff thought very highly of Nicholas Tolstoy, but I will quote what he once said about him to Garschin, the famous Russian novelist.

"The theory of the simple life," he said, "which Leo Tolstoy has preached through his writings, Nicholas Tolstoy has always practiced in his own life. He always lived in an impossible, apart, a kind of loft in one of the cheapest parts of Moscow, and he shared half of everything he owned with the first beggar who happened to meet him. He was a most brilliant teller of stories, but it was almost physically impossible for him to write. He was almost as difficult to work with the pen as does a left-handed illiterate workman, who does not know how to hold it properly."

Already at an early age Nicholas Tolstoy showed symptoms of consumption, and Turgeneff, who was very fond of him, and felt uneasy about him, wanted to take him to Soodny where he thought of settling himself.

From there Nicholas was taken to Hyeres. It was here I lost him. Until his last moments he did everything possible to make me feel easy about

him, and the very day of his death he dressed himself, refusing to let any one help him, and I found him sitting in his chair. Nine hours before his death he gave up the fight, and asked to be undressed. He did not complain, spoke well of everybody, and said several times to me, "I thank you so much, my dear friend."

The death of my brother Nicholas for a while disgusted me with life and destroyed my faith in God. On October 13, 1880, I wrote in my diary, "Now my dear brother Nicholas has been dead almost a month. This misfortune has almost broken my heart. Again I ask myself, why do I live? The end of my own journey down here is not far off. Where do I go from there? Nowhere."

"I try to write, I force myself to, but what I write is worth nothing, because I do not take the necessary interest in life."

Until the very last moment he did not give up the struggle for life, took an interest in everything, tried to work himself and wrote me about my work. But he seemed to do it all by principle. The love of nature stayed with him almost to the last. The night before he died he went to the open window of his room and faintly from sheer weakness while he was looking out. When I came in he said with tears in his eyes, "O, you cannot imagine how I enjoyed the last hour."

Man is created from dirt and returns to dirt, and there is a vague hope that he may there find something.

All who saw him admired the calm and peaceful manner in which he passed away, and I alone know of his terrible sufferings, for not one of his feelings escaped me.

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